

it's not
who lived here
but who died here;
and it's not when
but how;
it's not
the known great
but the great who died unknown;
it's not
the history
of countries
but the lives of men.
fables are dreams,
not lies,
and
truth changes
as
men change,
and when truth becomes stable
men
will
become dead
and
the insect
and the fire and
the flood
will become
truth.

— Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, California

Poem For My 43rd. Birthday

To end up alone
in a tomb of a room
without cigarettes
or wine —